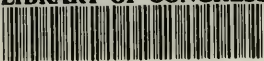


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Washington's Birth-day---Celebration at Irving College.

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# ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

STUDENTS OF IRVING COLLEGE,  
MANCHESTER, MD.

FEBRUARY 22d, 1859,

BY

W. J. WATERMAN, Esq.

ALSO, THE

ANNIVERSARY POEM,

By G. W. YOUNG, Esq.

TOGETHER WITH BRIEF NOTICES OF THE CELEBRATION EXERCISES.



BALTIMORE:

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1859.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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IRVING COLLEGE, March 4, 1859.

W. J. Waterman, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned, a Committee of the Students of Irving College, address you to request for publication, a copy of the Oration delivered by you on the 22d ult.

Your compliance with this request will be esteemed an especial favor.

Very respectfully,

JAMES JONES,  
S. WARRINGTON,  
GEORGE L. VOLKMAR,  
WM. HAMMETT,  
WM. VOLKMAR,  
*Committee.*

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83 WEST FAYETTE STREET, BALTIMORE, }  
March 7th, 1859. }

*Gentlemen*:—Your favor of the 4th instant is before me.

The address, I had the honor of delivering,—intended as a practical enforcement of a practical, patriotic duty,—was prepared exclusively for the occasion on which it was delivered, and was not deemed adapted to, or worthy of, a wider circulation.

In addition, it was hastily prepared, in the midst of distracting cares, on very short notice, and was, therefore, not so carefully and studiously arranged as to justify its being extended beyond the circumstances for which it was designed.

In a plain, practical manner, eschewing embellishments, I spoke to your hearts what my own heart felt. If you think, as your flattering request would indicate, that its practical facts and lessons would do any good, in a more extended field, with many misgivings, I place the manuscript at your disposal.

Very sincerely yours,

W. J. WATERMAN.

MESSRS. JAS. JONES, and others, Committee, &c.

# ADDRESS.

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A cold, white ray of light, falling upon the clear, refracting prism, though it has traversed, unchanged, millions of leagues, is on the instant, resolved into the warm prismatic spectrum, radiant with all the beauties of Heaven's bow, dancing in joy and gladness, where the eye, in pleasure, revels ever, unweared and unalloyed:—so the cold clear ray of History, falling on and transmitted through individual character, is resolved into the warm glow of biographical life, where are portrayed, the workings of the human heart and the human soul; and we there catch the sympathy of fellow feeling, as we see pictured, our own passions, and our own impulses. History gives us the clearer light, but biography, the warmer and more genial picture, in which we see drawn our own trials and temptations, our own triumphs and defeats—our own frailties, and our own repentances. Herein lies the golden cord that binds our souls in sympathy, in biography, where we see how our own flesh and blood, struggled, and toiled, and endured, and hoped, and triumphed in the very circumstances, through which we, ourselves, have passed. This is not so in history. The difference between history and biography, is that between the geography of a country and the travels of some fellow voyager through regions we ourselves have passed, where we see how he endured what we endured, and how he reached the same journey's end; the one is cold and dead, the other, warm with human life. In tracing the foot prints of our great national Father, we derive thence a stimulus to great and noble deeds, which history could never give.

I purpose, this evening, picturing Washington for the imitation of his countrymen, as the exemplar and model of the noble virtues of human nature,—as the pattern after which is to be formed the good and great and noble of this land.

Recurring again to the figure which introduced this theme—the ray and the prism,—and carrying it a step farther. we see, that where this light falls on the tear-drops of rain, not only is it resolved into those exquisite tints—born in heaven, but nourished on earth,—but we see these hues of heaven taking the shape and form of the beauteous bow, that last, most exquisite of God's works—whose arch spans heaven and joins it with earth—the marriage tie, binding earth and sky—on which the angels pass to us;—a thing of loveliness, formed by a union of heaven's smile of brightness and earth's tears of sorrow. So when the light of history passes through the nation's tears of gratitude to Washington,—it forms the bow of hope—the bow of promise, spanning in its arch, the throne of God, and binding that throne to our national destiny.

I view not the illustrious man whose memory we to-night celebrate, as a mere man, but as the especial and favored instrument of a benignant God, raised up for the particular purpose of blessing this nation, in the manner I shall, in this address, attempt to show; and one whom it is neither idolatry nor sin to apotheosise.

To appreciate fully the lesson his life is calculated to teach, it may be profitable to turn back a few of the pages of history, that we may follow down the ray of historic light from its source, and watch its transmutation as it is resolved into the beauteous rainbow tints.

History, has been called the unseen fingers of God's providence, as they sweep over the cords of the harp of time, and whose music, sounds the mind and plans and counsels of the Most High. This is eminently true of our own history, as time's harp trembles and thrills with God's grand anthem of the free. As we listen to its choral harmonies, we may know Heaven's plans and purposes concerning us—plans and purposes not limited by our time and space, but designed as a means of diffusing heaven's richest blessings to mankind. This land was not built up for itself alone, but as a golden link in the chain of God's goodness, that belts the world—a great disciplinary goodness, that would fit this nation to be, like His chosen



people, the means whereby all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, and to this end all the developments tend. We are blessed and watched over, not for ourselves alone, nor for any good there is in us, but because we are the clay in the hands of the Great Potter, to be moulded into the receptacle of His richest boon to man.

It is said God sifted three kingdoms for the pure wheat, to plant this country with. Let us watch His Providence in this planting.

The dark ages had rested as a pall on the earth ;—the people—the masses—had long ceased to be regarded as creatures of God, whose comfort was to be studied ; but rather a mere cattle, that increased the wealth of their masters,—the only creatures of heaven,—to swell their grandeur and minister to their advantage, and when that advantage seemed to demand it, to be sold, like cattle, in the shambles. Long slavery had besotted them and steeped their minds in ignorance—they were helpless as children, and the cry of the down-trodden had entered the ear of the Lord of Sabbaoth. The time for their deliverance was coming—the time when their shackles were to be broken—when mankind was to be disenthralled—when they were to fear God and no one else besides. The first requisite to combat with tyranny, was intelligence. God's fingers swept the harp ! and the Printing Press was the music of its soft vibratings. Many then began to "run to and fro" and "knowledge began to be increased," and the Press, as the tree by the river of life, began to shed its leaves, which were "for the healing of the nations." The leaven of intelligence began to spread, and presently overleaped the bounds of religious oppression, and the REFORMATION was inaugurated. These two steps had placed the people in supposed antagonism to the Rulers, who assumed a hostile attitude to them. The young plant of free dom was thus checked and thwarted. Weak and feeble it could not grow under the fierce heat of tyranny, under its very throne. It was, as it were, in its soft and pulpy state, and a single blow was enough for its extermination. No place was found for its safe nurture. God's unseen hand again swept the strings, and

Columbus had revealed a wild garden spot—so wild and so distant, the world wist not what to do with it. And when tyranny had crushed out, as it supposed, even the name of freedom, a small remnant, borne as by a casual wind on the wings of the May Flower, swept out of Delft Haven, and was dropped, just at the last extremity, in this wild, secluded, garden spot,—so far off, and so buried in the wild woods, as to be beyond tyranny's keenest ken: and there it grew, unnoticed and unknown. The very abandonment and neglect, and the rugged difficulties it endured, caused it to grow up hardy, fearless, and self-reliant. Who does not see the special providence of God in the fact, that America was discovered just at the time that freedom, weak and feeble, had been driven out by the iron rod of despotism, from its last standing ground, and was being driven into the sea?

Again, the government of England is, usually, administered with such consummate wisdom and ability, as to secure the warmest and firmest love of its subjects; and ever to bind every colony so firmly in love to the throne, that never, save once, was a colony lost. Yet, in that single exception of America, as in the case of Pharaoh, God seemed to have hardened their hearts and blinded their minds, that they might pursue the mad policy of estranging the colonists, who might thereby grow up free. This course was so at variance with the general policy of the British government, that one can scarcely fail to see the special interposition of Divine Providence in nurturing this nation up to freedom, that it might be His chosen seed of freemen wherewith to plant the world. Never, before, did England so follow, blindly and stubbornly, mad counsel, as in the prosecution of the Revolutionary war. Her wont was not thus, madly, to war; and though she wielded almost omnipotent force of arms, yet God distracted that force, by a sudden, unaccountable and almost miraculous breaking out of war in India. And, though the flower of the army was sent here, against a feeble colony, wholly destitute of any means of defence, their power availed them nothing. *God fought against them, and for our fathers.* He laid his behests even on the elements of nature,

and marshaled them under the banner of the brave and free. Was our army encamped on Long Island, and needed to remove to New York, from under the very grasp of overwhelming numbers, that were just about to devour them up? God called up, as He did to the Israelites of old, when the Egyptians pursued them, His Pillar of Cloud of fog, and it settled like a pall on sea and land, deadening both sight and sound, and like the one of old, which was both darkness and confusion to the Egyptians, until the chosen people had passed over the Red Sea, so when this second cloudy pillar lifted itself and removed from between the chosen and their foes, it revealed the astounded British lion, all crouched for his spring and his prey clean escaped out of his hands! \* Was our army at the South, feeble and scattered, fleeing with their prisoners, before a superior foe? God opened the windows of heaven and poured out the floods, in such measure and time, as to allow the chosen to pass over, in quick succession, the rivers Catawba and Yadkin, and Dan, almost as on dry land, and while their feet were yet wet, and were scarce gone over, the flood swelled and prevailed and prevented Cornwallis, their enemy, from following, and thus delivered Gen. Morgan and his brave band out of the hands of those that sought their life. † Time would fail to

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\* "About 8 o'clock in the evening, the troops began to move in the greatest silence. A violent north-east wind, and the ebb tide, which rendered the current very rapid, prevented the passage. Many hearts beat anxiously, for much depended on this retreat. Suddenly and unexpectedly the wind veered to the north-west. They were immediately wafted over, and in a few moments landed in New York.

Never was any movement more manifestly favored by Providence, and the Americans felt and openly acknowledged the especial care of God in so signally favoring their safe retreat. The wind seemed to change, at one time, exactly to their need, and at another, an unusual fog veiled them from an enemy so near, that the sound of their pick-axes was plainly heard.

The field artillery, tents, baggage, and 9,000 men were conveyed over a river upward of a mile wide and landed in New York in less than 13 hours. Gen. Washington saw one regiment after another safely depart, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of his officers, was the last to leave the shore. In a few minutes after the rear-guard had left the lines, they were entered by the British." — *Guernsey's U. S.* p. 249.

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† "On the 19th of January, having destroyed all his superfluous baggage and all the wagons, except a few for necessary purposes, he commenced his remarkable pursuit of Morgan, who had moved off to Virginia with his prisoners. He marched with such rapidity that he reached the Catawba the evening of the same day on which Morgan had crossed. Cornwallis, not doubting his ability to overtake the adversary, halted for the night; but, before morning, the rain fell in torrents, the river was impassable without boats, and these, the Americans had carefully removed to the other side.

enumerate the instances where nature's elements, almost miraculously, fought for our fathers.

God marvelously led them by the right hand of His love through the wilderness, and gave them this goodly heritage,—planted them in this land flowing with milk and honey—running over with wine, and oil and fatness:—He hath not dealt so with any other people.

These things have happened to us, not because we were worthy, nor for our own sakes, but because God's plans and paths lay through this nation,—a nation He has miraculously raised up and protected and blessed,—has given them rest and quiet from fear of the nations round about,—given them a name above other names, and made the fear of them to fall on the nations of the earth, that He might build up for Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works,—who might show forth His glory and goodness to the world; that this land, might be the pure seed, of pure and enlightened, civil and religious freedom, wherewith the world's garden may be planted, and which shall therewith bud and blossom as the rose, and shall exhale the sweet-

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"The swelling of the river was regarded by the latter as a gracious interposition of God, as by it, the enemy were delayed about two days. During this time, Gen. Green hearing of Morgan's victory, and afterwards of the rapid pursuit by Cornwallis, ordered the remainder of his troops to march to their relief, while he, himself, with only two or three attendants, after a ride of 150 miles, arrived in Morgan's camp on the 31st of January.

"To understand the ground over which this remarkable retreat was performed, it is necessary only to glance at a map. Three large rivers rise in the north-west parts of North and South Carolina, and flow in a southerly course. The most southern is the Catawba. Green and Morgan were now across the Catawba, approaching the Yadkin, which they passed on the evening of February 2d, partly by fording, and partly by flats and boats, which were secured on the other side. Here, again, it happened as at the Catawba—the swelling of the river presented a barrier to obstruct the enemy. This second interposition in their behalf inspired them with fresh enthusiasm in that cause which seemed to be the peculiar care of God.

"Cornwallis still determined to pursue, but the Americans toiled on, day after day, and night after night, without a murmur, although many of them were only allowed three hours' sleep out of twenty-four, and but one meal a day. Pressing on through the wintry storm, most of them bare-foot, and with only one blanket for four men at night, drenched by the rains, and chilled by the water through which they waded, they were obliged to dry their clothes by the heat of their own bodies.

"Cornwallis determined to pursue still, hoping to overtake the Americans before they reached Virginia; but, arriving at the Dan, which separates North Carolina from Virginia, he found the Americans had already passed, and a third time his army was delayed; the boats had been taken over and the river was unfordable. So clear an interposition of Providence was this, that the whole country regarded it as a special mark of favor to the American cause, and their hearts were cheered, as they thought of the future. So firm was their belief in this, that, although enduring severe sufferings during a retreat of more than 200 miles, not a single man deserted."

—*Guernsey's U. S. p. 339.*



ness of liberty from a disenthralled and happy globe. For this, He has led us hitherto, has blessed and instructed us, both by precepts and the examples His goodness has furnished us,—has disciplined, chastened, and corrected us, and is gently leading us with a father's goodness, that He may show forth a father's love.

Let us be obedient to the voice of His instructions, and let us heed what His Providence is saying to us.

No means of perfecting us in this regard, or of fitting us for His holy purposes, has God withheld, but has instructed us in every possible way in which we could receive instruction. One of the most potential of these, has been the furnishing to us, of high and noble exemplars, of all that is exalted and pure in perfect human nature ;—models after which might be fashioned the perfection of private and national character. Pre-eminently such a model, was our ever-to-be-revered WASHINGTON. He was no common man, but one specially designed not only to perform noble actions, and achieve grand results, but to set a pure and holy example, and, with omnipotent power, to preach, trumpet-tongued, even after mortality had put off the main infirmity he had—a mortal body.

He seemed invested with a nature superior to human. Error was a stranger to him ; weakness knew him not, and faults, if faults were to be found in the catalogue of his noble and manly characteristics, had crept, unbidden and unheeded into the company of his holy virtues, and even showed by contrast the gigantic proportions of his manliness, a character the most perfect that ever inherited mere humanity.

Throughout the revolutionary war, I believe history gives us no instance where Washington ever made a radical mistake, except in being over-ruled sometimes by others. No mention is made of those weaknesses and faults that are commonly the inheritance of man. He was not only never deceived, but never wavered or faltered in the discharge of his duty. The world never before saw such a character—spotless—matchless—perfect. Even his enemies could find no fault with him, the pure incorruptible patriot—a man worthy to be called the father of a noble nation.



As a general thing we will not over estimate a man's virtues, if we take the picture his enemies draw of him! No nobler portrait is given of Washington than that drawn by the British orator and statesman, Phillips. Bearing in mind, that this picture was drawn in the British Parliament,—the very enemy that brought on the Revolutionary War,—though it was exalted and manly and generous, and showed exalted and noble feelings, yet we may safely say, Washington was not drawn *better* than he really was. Behold the portrait:

"It matters very little what immediate spot may be the birth-place of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Caesar was merciful, Scipio was confident, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely chef-d'œuvre of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers—her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?"

To see how keen an eye and perception of character, the painter had, contrast this picture with the one he draws of Napoleon, the other great contemporary character of the eighteenth century:

"He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from

the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic: and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars! Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field—Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board! Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant.

It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsig—he was still the same military despot!

In this wonderful combination, his affections of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist—a republican and an emperor—a Mohammedan—a catholic and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious incomprehensible self—the man without a model and without a shadow."

We may fairly conclude that Washington was in reality as good as his national enemy has drawn him; and measuring him by that standard we pronounce him a PERFECT MAN, one raised up for some ESPECIAL PURPOSE. This was not merely to lead armies to victories and success.

God never wastes power and never creates an instrument with powers beyond what is needed for the accomplishment of its design. Great virtues were not necessary to make a suc-

cessful leader. Napoleon lead his armies to victory on the embattled plain, with scarcely a spark of the noble virtues that in Washington burned with such genial warmth. God created him for higher and holier ends.

If it was God's design to make this land a bright and shining light, as the great nursery nation, to nurture and exemplify, and finally spread abroad and diffuse over the earth, the great and holy principle of civil and religious emancipation and liberty,—it was necessary to discipline it up to a high state of perfection, and for this purpose God instructed us in every possible way, and through every possible channel,—precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, and when this course of discipline was about to culminate, God illustrated and enforced His teachings by an illustration, especially fitted to exemplify and embody all the national and private virtues, a model or exemplar, whose whole existence, and whose memory, being dead, brings home to every one the urgent duty of following the holy footsteps he has trod and sanctified. To give his example this power, his life was cast in such scenes, as would command our love, our admiration, our worship! Success and wisdom were given him—goodness and patriotism were his that he might rightly hold the proud position as the noble exemplar to his people. His services and success made him the idol of the nation, that the virtues of his character might the more completely sway the sceptre of quiet omnipotent example. The power and teaching of that example, we may not heedlessly pass by or ignore, more than we might desecrate his name or execrate his memory.

These observations and reflections bring us to the point where we are prepared to watch the ray of history, as it is transmitted through this pure character, and to gaze with wonder and admiration, on the exquisite coloring and soft blendings, into which that ray is resolved. It is the sole purpose of this address to study this picture, painted in heaven's own colorings.

Beginning at the early dawning of this eventful life, the first lesson we learn, is the full and unwavering conviction of the overruling goodness of God. When we see the tiny hands of the

infant George, running over the young plants in the garden, springing up in the letters of his name; when we watch the steps of induction, by which he passed from this to the existence and attributes of a beneficent Creator, we are taught to see the finger of God writing His goodness and love, in the plants of the garden, the flowers of the field, and the leaves of the forest. Let us follow the example of little George,—read and understand their language; let our souls follow their pointings, till like his, they reach the throne of God in wonder, love and praise. Let us, like him, start early in life with the full conviction of, and reliance upon, an over-ruling Providence, which no after-storms, however dark or long they may lower, could cause us for a moment to doubt, or allow us a moment to hesitate in a full dependence upon.

The next lesson, is unwavering adherence to truth. When dire punishment stared him in the face, for the childish and wanton destruction of the choice fruit trees, his young heart was sorely tried, but love of truth, triumphed over all—a triumph, equal in glory, to any conquest achieved by physical force afterwards. That struggle was the pivot point of his life, and never afterwards, was he known to forsake the truth. Like him, let us early wed ourselves to truth, by an indissoluble bond, that it may be said of us, as it is of him, “he never told a lie.”

The next lesson taught by the example of Washington, is filial affection, and deferential regard to parents' wishes. When he was fifteen, he received a midshipman's commission in the British Navy. His own enthusiastic soul seized it as the road to glory. His mother's heart yearned, in her lonely widowhood, for the comfort of her son's presence, but she would not thwart his plans, nor cross his ardent anticipations; and she said nought against the bright prospect. But when young George's trunk was on board the vessel and the agonizing scenes of parting were upon them, his widowed mother's tears, in silent, scalding bitterness, would flow down her sorrow furrowed cheek. Through those bitter drops George read her soul: His trunk was taken again on shore, his visions banished, his commis-



sion resigned, and he went back to be the solace and comfort of his mother. History hardly furnishes a brighter example of strong filial love—and God, that He might set His seal of approval, in exemplification of the precept and promise, “Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee”—ever after, crowned his life with success, in every undertaking. Oh that the youth of our land, would lay it to heart, ponder, and profit by it, that the brightest and noblest, the most exalted trait of character, in the loftiest specimen of humanity God ever raised up, was deferential regard to the wishes of a mother. How important a lesson in this fast age, when the youth, almost with his first boots, puts on a disregard of a mother’s admonition, and boasts within himself that he has grown to be too large to be under the control of a woman! In true greatness, as the life and soul expands, respect for parents, expands. Disobedience is the crying sin of this age; hence no more important lesson could be given, than that of George Washington’s noble example. When a youth feels that he is too large to be under a mother’s influence, let him reflect that that thought is a sign of his littleness, not his greatness: It is the small fish that escape from the net, not the large ones. A mother’s influence and love, always lead to true greatness and glory, and when the soul is moving on that way, it feels no restraint,—it is only when waywardness and wrong would lead astray, that the fetter binds and frets. A very coarse but striking figure presents itself to my mind, to illustrate this principle, and premising that I mean no derogation to the theme by its introduction, I hope its homeliness will find excuse in its aptness. The noble watch dog, when chained to the wagon he is to guard—while he moves on voluntarily, feels no fetters; it is only when he would forsake his post of duty and go astray, that he feels that he is chained. So long as a youth is walking the path of duty, a mother’s influence is no restraint; it is so felt only in the wrong road. Whenever a youth confesses restiveness under a mother’s influence, it is a confession that he is treading the downward road. A noble youth feels rather warmed and



cheered by the presence of a mother's love and prayers and tenderness. When the noble Washington felt that he was getting away from these holy companions, he instantly paused and turned back. Would to God, the youth of this age would follow his noble example! Whenever is pictured the nearest human approach to purity and heaven, it is revealed by the pencil that delineates a mother's heart. Shall greatness be shown by treating neglectfully and scornfully, that human lens that catches and focalizes in a point the most of heavens rays that stray to earth? No! by all the pangs that gave us existence. No! by all the patient endurance that watched over our helplessness. No! by all the love that shielded us from harm. No! by all that woman's piety, that taught our infant knees to bend in prayer, and our infant lips to lisp in praise the Great Creator's name. No! by all the self-sacrificings that endured our ills, that we might be free. No! by all the gentleness and goodness which implanted all that is lovely and gentle within us, and modified the asperities that might not wholly be removed. Sooner let earth turn away from the sun for light—sooner let hell be searched for holiness:—Then may a youth turn for greatness from a mother's teachings and influence.

The next lesson taught by the noble example of Washington, is ceaseless, indomitable, indefatigable industry. After his abandonment of the navy, he applied himself sedulously to acquire the arts of mensuration and surveying. To aid him in the acquisition of these arts, he had none of those appliances and facilities, so profusely lavished upon the youth of our time. He acquired his knowledge by intense labor and toil, that scarcely knew rest, and that impelled him to leave his bed long ere

“Aurora roused from roseate chambers  
To ope the gate of day”—

and to work out his problems by candlelight; and in the cold and snow, he took his compass and rod into the field, for practice, when less delicate constitutions would have remained housed. He never wearied in making himself master of his art. He aimed high, and realized the truth of the axiom, “There is no excellence without enduring labor.”

Again, we learn dauntless courage and endurance from his example. Scarcely had he completed his studies, before, with his instruments, he plunged into the howling wilderness, before untrodden by the foot of the white man. For months, on the rugged mountain side, and in the deep, dark valley,—exposed to all the hardships of wild life, he struggled and toiled, endured every hardship and privation of life, surveying wild lands, far, far away from the habitations of man, and camping out in the cold, frosty air, where fire was their main safeguard, from the sharp tooth of the frost, and from the scarcely less sharp fangs of the hungry wolves, whose midnight orgies and hideous howlings, made night vocal with the only minstrelsy young Washington had, as his lullaby to slumber, or, at least, to repose: it was literally a howling wilderness. So dauntlessly courageous was he, and so wide-spread was his reputation in this regard, joined with unusual sagacity, that when scarcely twenty years of age, he was entrusted by Gov. Dinwiddie, with an important commission to the commandant of the French military posts on the Ohio. The history of those French aggressions, is known to every elemental student of history. The distance to be traversed, over a wild, trackless wilderness, was about six hundred miles. On the last day of October, without a guide, and with but a single companion, young Washington started on his perilous, and hitherto untraveled, journey. The sharp weather on the mountains, and the ruggedness of the country, broke their horses down, in the midst of the mountains, and the densest of the forest, with their journey scarce half accomplished. They were thus left, scores of leagues from human abode; with nothing to guide them but their good sense and unfailing courage, and trust in God. These boys, heavily laden with their muskets, blankets and knapsacks, undismayed, on foot, threaded that wild forest, full of hostile savages, even then nursing the wrath that, afterwards, devoured Braddock and his army. These were scenes calculated to try, as with a touchstone, the courage of the stoutest heart; and yet these two lads, strangers to fear, trudged on and toiled on, and accomplished their mission.

The next lesson is fixedness and immutability of purpose. Washington never wavered ; when once his plan was formed, throughout his whole life, he clung to it, with a tenacity and steadfastness, as invariable as the needle to the pole. He never was impatient or impulsive ; he deliberated calmly, but action instantly followed decision—he took deliberate aim, but action sped swift to the mark.

Again, he was patient, long-suffering and meek, under injuries ! One of his noblest maxims was, that “ Truth and right were eternal, and could wait long for their vindication ; while falsehood and wrong, must triumph now, if ever, before they pass away.” Oft times bitterly maligned by enemies, he never resented it ; but, trusting to time and truth, he spoke the noble sentiments of the true patriot, when, gloriously, he said, “ he was too busy to take much thought about himself ;—that he had as much as he could do, to take care of the army ; that his whole time and energy being taken up in vindicating the honor and good name of his country, he would bequeath to that country, the duty of taking care of, and vindicating his good name from false imputations.” He not only endured these things meekly, but uncomplainingly. No reproaches escaped his lips,—he was too noble, and engaged in too noble and important a work to fight the little and degrading battles of personal pique or resentment. His eye and aim were fixed on the end of his efforts,—the glory and freedom of his country ; and the clamors of personal detractors fell upon his ears with as little effect, as the baying of the hound falls on the ear of the passenger in the winged car, as it speeds, unimpeded, on, as it were, the swift pinions of thought, to his journeys’ end ;—heard for an instant, and anon forgot. Yet, in all that meekness, when any indignity or slight was offered to his country, he was quick to resent it. His love of country occupied his whole soul and left no room to love himself. This love was seen when the British official addressed his communication to him as George Washington, Esq. He said it was politely enough addressed to him as a man ; but, as a man, he could hold no communication with the enemy of his nation ; but if it

was for him as the country's commander,—the country, as his master, must receive its proper place in the address, and his relation to that country. And until it was done, refused to receive the missive. When his dear children,—his faithful army, in their bitter sufferings at Valley Forge,—where nakedness, frost, and starvation, were gnawing away their very vitals,—were muttering their complaints in his tender, fatherly ears, against that country which he loved so well, his holy soul was wrung with agony: and when his tears had dimmed his spectacles, so that he could not read a letter from congress to them—while he took off his glasses, to wipe them, his noble, patriotic soul burst forth, in the remark, when as if the dimness was from age, and not from agonizing tears, he said, “My eyes have grown old and dim in the service of a country I never knew neglectful of the happiness of her citizens, nor derelict in doing all in her power for the comfort of her soldiers.” Though torn with agony himself, he could not forbear to exalt his country in the eyes of his followers. Those soul stirring words, trembling through his tears, were, in an instant, caught by the army, as an electric thrill, and those mutterings, which pierced his heart and flowed back again in tears, were instantly refracted from their course and changed into the huzza and shout of triumph, which made the welkin ring; and the whole army, by the magic of example, were happy in the love and protection of their great father. They needed then no letter of Congress,—their glorious leader was Congress, and food and clothing and comfort enough for them. Would that we, like the army, might catch the glow of his pure life, and by it, be brought back to our path of duty, whenever we stray.

Joined with unselfish neglect of self, Washington was ever sympathising and compassionate for the sorrows of others. No soldier suffered, that Washington's hand ministered not to his wants—no sorrow was there, over which his love did not spread a balm; and he went about among the sorrowing and the sick, like the tender father that he was, and dispensed smiles and sunshine, as if his face had been a mirror, that had caught the light and smiles of heaven, and reflected them into the darkness of woe.



No pain did he inflict that could be avoided ; and when he signed the death-warrant of young Andre, his tear-drops fell and blurred his signature. Oh ! that this example could have its effect upon the lawless cruelties of our age,—that we, like our noble Washington, would inflict no pang we could spare, and assuage those agonies we may not wholly cure.

But time and space admonish me that I am going too much into detail, and, therefore, drawing my portrait larger than my limits allow. The subject is one that may not be exhausted. Space and time, therefore, must bear the responsibility of contracting me into mere synoptical bounds, leaving the further filling up to the reading and reflection of the historical student.

The brightest point of Washington's example, has not yet been noticed, and that was, his religion. No man's life and conduct were ever more controlled by the holy precepts of religion, than those of George Washington ; it was the crowning glory of his life. In all his ways, he acknowledged God, who directed his steps. In his walk and conversation, God's commands were heeded, and reliance, full and complete on divine Providence, ever proclaimed. He commended his army to the care of the God of battles, in personal, earnest and private prayer. Blessings were supplicated, on the bended, humble knee.

“The cold forest ground and the keen midnight air,

Witnessed the outpouring heart's intense fervent prayer.”

There the cause of the Colonies, and the interests of humanity, were poured out into the ears of the God of armies, and His blessing invoked. The army was committed to His protecting care, and they were earnestly entreated to supplicate blessings for themselves. In every victory, God's hand was acknowledged in public thanksgiving and praise. When humiliation and defeat fell as a punishment for sins, fasting and prayer were ordained, that, by repentance and reform, the fierce anger of Jehovah might be averted. In all places—in public and private, in sickness and health, at home or abroad, on the field of battle or in the drawing room,—God was acknowledged and revered, as the pro-



tector and friend of this country. The free, open, telegraphic communication of prayer and praise was constantly kept open and unobstructed, between earth and heaven, by which special blessings were transmitted, with a rapidity and ease, I fear, unknown in our age of protracted interruption in the conducting medium. Oh! that the example of Washington would win us back to our first love, to obedience to God's law, to reliance on His good Providence, and a more hearty acknowledging of our dependance on Him, by walking in the path He shows.

Yet Washington, with all his noble qualities—the exemplar of all the manly virtues that exalt any people; and which marked him out pre-eminently before the world, for love and admiration—has passed to his rest and is lost to us,—lost to his country. He has passed into the world of history, and to our deep disgrace, is fast passing from our minds and memories.

Though he was the most perfect character ever shown on mere humanity's escutcheon; and though I shall startle you with the announcement of the fact,—yet, notwithstanding we celebrate the anniversary of his birth,—we, as a people, are rapidly losing our love for the noble father of our country. We never loved him as we ought, and as God intended we should, and even the poor love which we have, is passing away. I know this statement astonishes, but I will prove it true, that I may thus, peradventure, be the means of leading some, at least, to repentance in this matter.

The great Master of the church said, “If ye love me, keep my sayings.” “Ye are my friends if you do whatsoever I command you.” Love and discipleship were to be tested by actions; and those were pronounced hypocrites who say “Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say.” If our love for Washington is to be tested by this infallible standard, where shall it be found? Do we do as he taught us? Do we follow his holy example? Washington said in the language of the wise man, “Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people!” Do we avoid sin and love right? Do we walk in the steps he has trod? Look at the feeble picture

this night drawn, and say if we are filling up a single lineament of that picture? Are we properly appreciating or using that liberty he labored so long and hard to secure? Are we not defiling those principles by our practices? Wherein do we exemplify in our lives, those noble examples he has set us? Is he honoured or disgraced by the present age? True, we talk well, but do ill. We catch the shadow and let go the substance. We shed tears at his tomb, and bear away canes, cut from his grave as mementos, as though we loved him; but which we do not hesitate to use in a disgraceful street-brawl. Is that loving Washington? Is he honoured by our thus remembering him? Is he not disgraced, rather? We make pilgrimages to his tomb, but deface the stones that protect his remains; batter and destroy the place till the storms beat in upon his precious relics. Would true patriotism so suffer indignities to the pious remains of the noble dead? And when vigorous effort is made to rescue the holy spot from further profanation, and the nation is called upon to show their faith by their works, do they look—do they act as if they loved Washington? Is there not evidence abroad in the land (shame upon us!) that, as I said, we do not love him?—If we loved him, would we not follow his example? Do we love truth and steadfastly adhere to it—be the consequences what they may—as did Washington? Do we honor and respect parents as he did? Are we gentle, forbearing and meek under wrong as he was: or are we quarrelsome, and noisy and turbulent? Have we that strong love of country that swallows up all thought of self; or is it not, rather, too much a selfish love of country for what that country may do for us? Are we obedient to laws, even to privation and want as he was, in every case?—never through his whole life violating a law of the land. Above all, do we, of the present generation, acknowledge and honor God in all our ways, as did George Washington?—and urged his countrymen always to do. Are we not fallen from our first estate? Are we not by our actions, disgracing the father of his country, and treading under foot his bright example? Would he not feel ashamed of his countrymen if he could look down upon this generation?

Verily shadows and darkness are over the land—thick darkness and gloom : but my faith in Washington's God, and our God, is so strong, that I believe the darkness and gloom to be, not those of approaching night, but rather the shadows and darkness of the transient storm cloud, that overshadows for a time, and thunders and lightens for the hour, then rolls itself away, leaving behind it, a brighter sun-shine, a purer air and a clearer arching sky than before its blue vaulted dome was obscured by the tempest. Already, signs of returning vitality and animation are seen. The nation is beginning to revive—God grant that Washington's brilliant example may have its proper influence in bringing back this country to its first love and its first fidelity. We are not now, in a working condition to fulfill God's grand design and aim in so miraculously raising up and preserving us, and His hand of chastisement will be upon us until we repent, and forsake our sins and return to the paths of glory and honor our fathers trod.

Let us be up and doing, working in this noble cause. Let us do with our might all our hands find to do in accomplishing this desired end ; that the day dawn of a more glorious morrow may be hastened on. Do we love our noble country ? Let us show our love by deeds that shall indeed exalt it to the highest pinnacle of fame. Do we love Washington's character and memory ? Let us show it by doing as he did, and would have us do—let us study his example and follow it—let us resolve to begin the good work to night, here in our own hearts, that Washington, from his heavenly home, may look down with joy upon the land he saved, and feel that his toils and sufferings were not endured in vain, not as water spilled, that may not be gathered again, but as seed sown in a genial soil, that shall bring forth for the garner, a thousand fold ; then shall his joy and gladness be full, and our sorrow and sighing shall flee away. This is a debt we owe to Washington, and we are lost to honor if we do not discharge this debt !

Methought I saw, in my wrapt vision, the nation thus redeemed and ennobled, standing proud and exalted among the nations, who trembled at the excellent majesty of her great-

ness—One foot pressed the firm hills, the other, old Ocean's billows laved. Her face was radiant with the smiles of heaven, her brow adorned with the diadem of empire—The sceptre of Justice and Truth and Equal Laws, was in her hand, bright as burnished gold. Her command was over earth and sea and air—Her chariots of control swept either shore. Earth, proud of her sway, brought exuberant tribute of countless wealth;—The white winged birds of the sea, in innumerable throngs, flapping their swift pinions on the breeze, crowded at her feet, and dropped the rich offering, they had borne from each distant clime—She grasped the lightnings in her hand, and talked with them face to face, as man talketh with his fellow, and then sent them on their swift wings of fire over her vast domain, as her messengers, with burning words of love—She yoked the winds to her chariots and harnessed steam with iron fetters to her car—She breathed over the land her sweet breath, and the earth became vocal with the responsive harmony of prosperity's thousand various tones; gladness clapped her hands, and mirth ran delighted through all her borders. The sun was no longer obscured in the firmament, but shone sweetly on the heavenly scene, and gloom dissolved in glory. The fair goddess was arrayed in robes of exquisite beauty—garments of radiant whiteness. There was neither tarnish nor spot nor wrinkle nor any such thing throughout all her vestment. Her neck was encompassed with the pearls of Christian graces, and she was adorned with those ornaments that beautify loveliness, and make beauty divine.

Me thought I heard a voice, as the sound of many waters, saying: Columbia! behold I have raised thee as a tender plant with great care—I have given thee a heritage of fatness, a land flowing with milk and honey—I have made thee rich and great and beautiful—I have clothed thee with honor and majesty,—have given thee the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness—I have adorned thee as a bride for her husband—I have made thee the delight and desire of the nations. Behold thou art Freedom's bride, and I have made thy dower beyond the dower of women. Behold thou shalt honor and adorn Freedom



throughout the world! Thou shalt break the fetters from off imprisoned sons of sorrow;—thou shalt unlock the dungeon doors and set the bleeding captive free, and shalt proclaim the ransomed jubilee of the Lord, the day of disenthralment is at hand—the day of universal liberty—when men shall feel

“Freedom to fear and worship God.  
But know no other fear.”

Thou shalt be kind to the down trodden and bind up the broken hearted—thou shalt show the nations thy greatness and glory and wealth, and shalt say, “Thus saith the Lord, thus shall it be blessed with all nations, whose feet are planted on the Rock of Ages and whose hands take firm hold on truth and justice. Yea, blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord! I will make her sons like gems, set in gold, that shall shine as the stars in the firmament of God.”

And anon there was a choir of innumerable voices, chanting in choral harmony the anthem of the free, saying “Amen! Just and Holy! Even so, Hasten the time, when the dark corners of the earth, shall no more be full of the habitations of cruelty—when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God, as the waters fill the sea—when universal emancipation shall fill the earth with enlightened, Christian freemen—when there shall be ‘glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace and good will among men,’ Amen and Amen,” and the shout swelled and filled earth and Heaven, and the earth shook and trembled, and the chains fell from off the fettered limbs and the great army of the free, rose up, a great multitude that no man might number, from among every nation and tongue and tribe and people under heaven, and they turned to Columbia and shouted, “Thou art worthy to receive glory and honor and immortality, for thou has made us free.”

And as she turned, I saw that the gems in her coronet were brilliant beyond what I had ever seen. And behold one larger and more resplendant than the rest—so brilliant and dazzling, as almost to bewilder the gaze it attracted,—was engraved as Columbia’s crowning centre jewel, and bore the crest and image



of WASHINGTON, and below shone in letters of light and brilliancy.

“ I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred  
With the beauty that dwells in thy soul,  
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred.  
Nor the heart be thrust back from its goal.

I know thou hast bathed in the Lethe that flows  
Through a land where they do not forget;  
That sheds over memory only repose.  
And takes from it only regret!

Where Joy has put off, in the land of its birth,  
The stains it had gathered in this;  
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the Earth,  
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss!”



## CORRESPONDENCE.

IRVING COLLEGE, March 5, 1859.

*Geo. W. Young, Esq.*

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned, a Committee of the students of Irving College, desire to publish the poem written by you for the 22d ult., and request thereto your permission. By complying with their wishes, you will confer an especial favor.

Very respectfully,

WM. HAMMETT, JR., Chairman Committee.

BALTIMORE, March 8th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—Your favor, requesting my consent to the publication of the Poem, "The Birth-day of Washington," is at hand. As it was written especially for recitation by my son at your Exhibition, I consider it the property of the College, and claim no right to dictate what shall be done with it.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE W. YOUNG.

MESSES. WM. HAMMETT, JR., and others, Committee, &c.

## The Birth-day of Washington.

The Birth-day of Washington ! O with that word,  
What eloquent thoughts in the bosom are stirred :  
What feelings of rapture, scarce less than divine,  
Come thronging, to bend at the Patriot's shrine ;  
What emotions of gratitude wafted above,  
To that God, whom America truly should love—  
Who made us a nation peculiar of earth,  
And gave us the day of our Washington's birth !

The Birth-day of Washington ! sacred and blest,  
When the star of young Freedom arose in the West :  
Through the mists of the evening we saw it appear,  
And it twinkled, and smiled in its beautiful sphere :  
With the darkness advancing, it mounted on high,  
Dispelling the shadows and gilding the sky—  
And when the new day of Columbia was born,  
It stood in the zenith the gem of the morn.

Let the vision of fancy in retrospect turn,  
From the babe of Westmoreland a miracle learn :  
The model of Heroes, of Sages the grace,  
Are glassed in the eye, and enstamped on the face—  
The signet of greatness where millions shall bow,  
Is written so plain on that infantile brow  
That Nature, as there by the cradle she stands,  
Amazed at the marvelous work of her hands,  
Has broken the mould—that her Washington's name,  
Unequalled, may live on the records of fame !

The Birth-day of Washington ! honored and dear,  
Let his sons ever love, and his daughters revere :  
Let the song of the lip, and the prayer of the heart,  
Their tributes of filial homage impart ;  
Let the trump and the cannon your joy declare—  
Let your banners unfurling proclaim it in air—  
Till the tidings shall girdle the ocean and earth,  
How we honor the day of our Washington's birth !

But e'en while the trump, and the cannon proclaim,  
And pæans of honor are crowning his name—  
While the orator's art would his tributes prolong  
And Poetry fashions her garland of song—  
While your banners unfurled o'er the land and the sea,  
Look down on the festive acclaims of the free ;  
Mount Vernon responds from her shadows of gloom,  
And points, with a sigh, to that desolate tomb !

The Homestead is there, with its mem'ries of old,  
But the altar is dark, and the hearth-stone is cold :  
The tendrils of verdure, he labored to twine,  
From the porch, and the lattice, no longer incline—  
The trees which he planted, like sentinels, stand  
O'er the flowers once cultured by Washington's hand—  
And the demon of ruin, enthroned on his mold,  
Sits mocking the love that is measured by gold.

There's a wail of reproach on the zephyrs, that play  
With the stars and the stripes of your emblem to-day :  
And Liberty, showing the trophies he won,  
Entreats for the home of her favorite son ;  
And Everett's genius re-kindles the flame,  
On the altar which gratitude rears to his name—  
And Woman triumphant, is leading the van,  
With the sword of prerogative wrested from man.

Let the sons who would honor his day and his deeds,  
Respond to the cause which for sympathy pleads :  
Let the home of the Nation's own father and friend,  
To his national children forever descend ;  
Let the treasures of Science, the triumphs of Art,  
Their choicest gems to his relics impart—  
Till that couch shall be meet for the hero who sleeps—  
Till the casket is worthy the jewel it keeps—  
Till it rival the "Tomb of Mausolus," and stand  
A "wonder" confessed, and the pride of the "Land !"

O ! Then may your Orator's diamonds of thought,  
Into language all glowing with beauty be wrought :  
And your poet inspired, exult in his dream  
O'er the pictures which fancy shall draw from the theme—  
And your glorious banner, at home and abroad,  
As it basks in the sun-light of Liberty's God—  
Untarnished look down on the national mirth,  
That welcomes the day of our WASHINGTON's birth !





*The two following articles are copied from "THE FAMILY JOURNAL," published in the City of Baltimore.*

### WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY AT IRVING COLLEGE.

It is a melancholy fact, that in the lapse of years, reminiscences of the glorious old revolutionary scenes are becoming more and more indistinct.

The recurrence of any event, memorable in the annals of our history as a nation, is really refreshing, as it awakens slumbering associations, and calls up images of men and things long since passed away.

Of all anniversaries, that of the natal day of Washington has a right to general and heartfelt observation.

The last twenty-second of February was surely noted at its advent by all, and commemorated to some extent as it deserved; now it is our purpose to present some prominent features of a celebration held at Irving College, which, perhaps, may prove interesting to Marylanders, as an item about their own State.

As is usual, in literary institutions, an address was expected, and in that respect the assembled visitors were more than pleased; the well-conceived oration of Mr. Waterman, of Baltimore, delivered in a style truly rhetorical, was listened to with more than ordinary gratification. The speaker had interwoven so many refinements of thought, and had clothed them in language so chaste, that all, even the most youthful hearers, could not but be entertained as well as instructed.

A "Tribute to Washington," by Gen. Harrison, was then recited by Mr. Warrington, of the college, and ample justice did the piece receive through the masterly elocution of the speaker.

This was succeeded by a Poem from the pen of G. W. Young, Esq., of Baltimore, which was recited by his son, a collegian, with admirable effect. The poet was felicitous in his imagery, expressed, at it was, in metre and diction entirely appropriate.

That masterpiece of patriotic wisdom, the Farewell Address, was read by Colonel Mills in a manner peculiarly impressive; and the sentiments of the immortal author were well expressed by the emphasis and inflection of the reader.

The drama, too, was represented in a style not to be easily excelled. The good old revolutionary times were brought forward in a living, tangible, impressive manner. All the characters were assumed and acted throughout in a way that savored much of reality.

In this last entertainment much praise is due to the students for their easy and natural bearing and expression; indeed, one might have readily

believed that they were well accustomed to theatrical paraphernalia and "crowded houses."

Nor was music forgotten : the Manchester Band, at intervals, delighted the ear with the execution of pieces, well selected and happily adapted to the occasion.

All the receipts for admission to the above exercises were set apart for the Mount Vernon fund, and have been transmitted to the Treasurer, Edward Everett.

Thus was "Washington's Birth-day," commemorated at Irving College, and it can be truthfully stated that the impressions then made were salutary, and may hold us by stronger ties to the land which gave birth to him whose name we delight to honor, and whose memory we are in duty bound to perpetuate.

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### CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY AT IRVING COLLEGE.

Among the many tributes to the memory of Washington on the anniversary of his birth, the one at this place appears to me to merit especial notice. First, because it was projected and carried through by the students of Irving College, (youths and young men from 10 to 18 years of age;) and secondly, because the proceeds are to be given to the "Mount Vernon fund." Those youthful devotees at the shrine of patriotism, encouraged and aided by the President and faculty of the institution, took hold of the business with an enthusiasm worthy of "Young America," and the citizens of the village and surrounding country, responded to their appeal in so liberal a manner, that the large exhibition hall of the college was crowded to its utmost capacity, and every visitor represented in the drawer by a substantial American quarter.

The Manchester Brass Band, an amateur association, which would not suffer by comparison with those of our own city, opened the exercises of the evening with several national airs. The orator of the occasion, W. J. Waterman, Esq., of Baltimore, was then introduced, and for more than an hour I listened to an address of such excellence and beauty as it has rarely been my good fortune to hear. Research and refinement were manifest throughout, while originality of mind and a fine imagination, with which the speaker is evidently highly gifted, invested his trite, though ever welcome theme with such new charms of thought and coloring, that the audience were spell-bound, as if by the wand of enchantment. The character of Washington, in all the relations of his perfect history, was drawn by a master hand. The boy, the man, the soldier, statesman and

christian, were severally discussed, compared with the requirements of the divine precepts, and held up as models for the imitation of the young, and it is but justice to the smaller scholars of the institution to say that they paid that marked attention to those beautiful lessons with which the most interesting speakers are rarely honored. I was particularly pleased with the frequent and appropriate references to the Sacred Volume, an example which I commend to the hosts of spread eagle speech makers, who would rob God of His glory, that they might therewith endow the objects of their idolatry. It was high toned, breathing pure religion throughout.

\* \* \* \* After the oration, we had a national ode by Smith Warrington, and a Poem, (written for the occasion, by G. W. Young,) by R. H. Young, both students of the college, and both of whom acquitted themselves in an honorable and satisfactory manner. Then followed the reading of Washington's Farewell Address, by Col. S. S. Mills. And that dear familiar legacy of a nation's Father was rendered still more so by the clear, distinct and impressive manner in which it was read, and for which the Colonel is so remarkable, for, good public readers are scarce.

The entertainment concluded with a series of tableaux and dialogues illustrative of revolutionary history, with appropriate costumes and scenery, the characters being personated by the students, all of whom discharged their duties with credit to themselves and the institution, and I hazard nothing in saying that no audience ever left an exhibition hall more pleased than the one in question.

During the day we were treated to a dress parade by the students, under the command of Capt. Horn, which was a marked feature of the occasion. To say that they acquitted themselves as soldiers, is not going a step beyond their deserts, and to say the spectators were delighted would be largely inside the bounds of fact. Those having sons there felicitated themselves upon their good fortune.

*PS*—The following is copied from the "AMERICAN SENTINEL," Wm. H. Grammar, Esq., Editor, published at Westminster, Carroll Co., Maryland.

### WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY AT IRVING COLLEGE.

Together with a number of the patrons of the above popular College, we had the pleasure of celebrating the Birth-day of our Pater Patriæ, at Manchester, Carroll Co. The day was a most propitious one,—bright skies and genial sun,—which added much to the interest of the occasion, giving to everything around a spring-like appearance, and seemed to infuse a spirit of joyousness into the large numbers there congregated. We were one of a number who went from Baltimore to witness the exercises of the day, and, at the same time, to inspect the College of which we had heard

so much. And we were amply repaid by witnessing the bright, cheerful faces of the sixty pupils, all clad in the bright, neat uniform of the College, and the many meetings of parents with children, which, altogether, made it a scene not soon forgotten.

Carroll county may well be proud of her College, which is fast growing in popularity and usefulness, and her citizens should look to it with a jealous eye. We all feel proud of it as Marylanders, for it is destined, at no distant day, to be second to none in the State. We noticed that Baltimore is strongly represented by a large number of pupils—though many are from other parts of the country, Washington, New York, and Virginia. The College is beautifully located on the gentle slope of a picturesque eminence near the village, in the midst of pleasantly laid out grounds, with a fine grove crowning the brow of the hill, furnishing a picture as pleasing to the eye as the place is distinguished for its pure, invigorating atmosphere.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, the sound of the bugle called us to witness the parade of the students. They were all uniformed, armed with Cadet guns, and went through with many of the intricate evolutions with a high degree of proficiency, which would have done credit to older soldiers. This feature of the school has been introduced with a view of affording healthful bodily exercise, thereby facilitating good discipline, and imparting that degree of military knowledge and skill, which every citizen of a Republic ought to possess. Major Horn is Professor of Tactics, and the battalion, on the occasion, was reviewed by Col. Mills, of Baltimore.

At six o'clock in the evening, the exercises were opened by the excellent Brass Band of Manchester, who volunteered for the occasion, and did themselves much credit.—The music was followed by an Oration from W. J. WATERMAN, Esq., of Baltimore, who, for an hour, enchained the audience by the mastery manner in which he delivered his views upon the lofty theme under consideration. This was followed by an Original Poem, written by GEO. W. YOUNG, Esq., and delivered by one of the pupils, R. H. Young, which evinced much talent, both in composition and oratory. A Tribute to Washington, was then delivered by another pupil, S. Warrington, which was highly creditable to his genius. This was followed by the reading of Washington's Farewell Address, by Colonel Samuel S. Mills, of Baltimore, which was rendered very effectively.

The whole affair was concluded by a Dramatic Performance—"*Scenes of the Revolution*"—all the parts being sustained by the pupils of the College and well sustained too; for we have not, for a long time, witnessed so creditable a performance by so youthful a company. Upon the conclusion of the exercises the large audience retired, all highly delighted with the exercises of the day.

This celebration at Irving College, on the 22d February, was prompted, by a patriotic feeling of the students of adding a mite to the "*Mount Vernon Fund*," thereby evincing their high appreciation of those most excellent women and good men who have in charge the purchase of Mount Vernon Place, the sacred spot, where he who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," now rests.

The proceeds, some forty dollars, were forwarded to Edward Everett, for which a kind acknowledgement has already been received. To Dr. Dieffenbach, the President, and his good lady, we are placed under many obligations for their kindness. The Baltimore visitors would return their thanks to the Hon. Dr. Shower, for the generous hospitality extended to them during their visit.

"EXITUS ACTA PROBAT."







